

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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For The Dayspring.

THE A B C OF NATURAL HISTORY.

NO. IV.

D.

In our entomological A B C,
The letter next in order is D.
Thus far, we have easily made our way:
For the ant, of course, was meant by A;
And B was the bee, — who else could it be?
And the cricket, as plainly, was meant by C.
But it is not so easy to say, off-hand,
For which of the insects D shall stand.
A short and simple and musical word,
Familiar to children, will be preferred;
Some name that our easy rhyme will suit,
And furnish us a moral to boot.
Our candidates here are somewhat few,
And hardly one of them will quite do.
For instance, there is the dragon-fly, —
I think we shall have to let him pass by.
A wonderful creature is he, no doubt,
For lovers of Nature to talk about;
And he has his place, and his pleasure too,
In God's great world, and his work to do.
And so every creature under the sun
Has for the Maker an errand to run;
And the dragon-fly, darting to and fro,
Runs *his* like the lightnings that come and go,
And say, like soldiers equipped for war,
To the great Commander, "Here we are!"
But the dragon-fly, so swift and sly,
With his terrible mask and his beautiful eye
(There are some, my Insect History tells,
So graceful, they call them "Demoiselles,"
As, with gaudy, gauzy robes that hide
Their terrors, over the pool they glide), —
But the dragon-fly, so cunning and grim,
I think we will not stay with him.

Then there is the dor-bug, who comes in June,
And plays in our chambers his breezy bassoon,
And blindly blunders and bobs about,
Till the lamps and the people are both *put out*.

And "Daddy-long-legs," — of him, any way,
There is not much for me to say;
Except that, as children, we were not taught
To treat him with so much respect as we ought.

So we must make one more trial yet,
To get a fourth for our insect quartette.
And one is waiting, — pretty well known
To children (by name at least), — the **DRONE**.
Of him, I say, the youngest have heard;
They know he's an insect, and not a bird;
But few, I guess, if the truth they own,
Can say that they ever saw a drone.
The prudent ant and the busy bee
And the cheerful cricket we often see;
And, in human hives, the two-legged drones
We know too well, — called "Lazy-bones;"
But the little creature that gives them the name
Is known to most of us chiefly by fame.
According to what the observers relate,
The drone of the bees has a pretty hard fate:
He lives but three months, — May, June, and
July, —

And after that he is doomed to die;
There's a general massacre in the hive,
And not one drone is left alive.
(The human drones, in house or school,
Are happily under a milder rule!)
The drone is a big, little, large-eyed thing,
That does no work, and has no sting;
He has, too, so the histories tell,
In the beehive the most commodious cell.
The reason, perhaps, why he's called the drone,
Is because he does nothing but grumble and groan;
We hear him, no doubt, of a summer noon,
Making a hum like a small trombone, —
To tell the truth, I should say that he
Was more of a *buzzy* than *busy* bee.
As the working bees fly in and out,
The lazy drone goes moping about,
Watching the rest with his goggle-eyes,
Doing nothing but criticize.
Well, he is not to be blamed, you know,
The Lord of Creation has made him so.
Perhaps, too, it is meant that we
Should in this image a warning see,
That we should not waste our precious lives
Doing nothing, like drones in hives,
Gazing and grumbling all day long,
Complaining that all things are going wrong,
Instead of working with all our might,
And doing our best to set them right.

So endeth, children, our lesson D:
Farewell, for the present,

C. T. B.

NEWPORT, May 3, 1878.

For The Dayspring.

GRACE'S TRIALS.

PART ONE.

CHAPTER 1. — *At Home.*

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.



RACE'S principal trial was that she was the "middle" one of the family. There were three older, and three younger. She complained that she was never considered old enough to have the privileges of the elders, nor young enough to have the fun of the younger ones.

She could not sit up till ten o'clock at night; she was not included in the invitations out for an evening. She never had a chance to sit at the head of the table and pour out; and she could not buy her own things, if she wanted to,—though she never did want to, she allowed.

On the other hand, she complained that she never got the petting of the little ones. If the aunts brought presents of candy or sugar-plums, it was rare that even a gum-drop filtered up for her share. They had to pass through Jack's tender mercies before they reached her. And if she wanted to play "cross corners," or go barefoot with Jack, she was considered too old.

Margaret, Grace's oldest sister, declared that this was Grace's own fault. There was no reason why she should not play with the younger children more than she did. She need not be a tom-boy; but she need not consider herself "grown-up," and scorn the children's games, as she certainly sometimes did.

Jack agreed with this. He said that Grace turned up her nose at the younger ones, and he was not going on his knees to ask her to play with him.

Now, Jack was another of Grace's trials. It would be so delightful if he would be a nice, kind, respectable brother!—if he would take her books to school, or bring them home. He was next to her in age; and they might have such a pleasant time together! But he insisted upon being exactly the reverse of this. She would no more have trusted him with her school-books than the Maynards' baby. Of course, she would be only likely to find them in the duck-pond at the corner, instead of at school.

She secretly believed that she should have kept up playing with dolls longer, if it had not been for Jack. But he was such a tease! He never left her dolls in peace. Sometimes they were out on the clothes-line for pins; sometimes the wax-dolls were sitting on the stove, and were saved only at the last moment from being melted to death. Indeed, her beloved Violante had never recovered from the slight melting of her nose.

He had really forced her to give up dolls. She had dropped down gradually upon paper dolls, because she could slip them away privately into drawers, where he could not see them. But here he was just as much of a plague. If he found her making dresses with her paint-box, he pretended he wanted to help, and mixed up her colors so she could not tell her reds from her blues.

If she had friends to stay to tea, Jack would burst in upon them; in the course of the afternoon, and destroy their quiet little time, when she was perfectly sure he was to be in the barn all the afternoon.

But one of her trials was, that she did not have any "own" particular friends. It was an odd thing about Leesfield, that there did not seem to have been any girls born about the same time she was. There

were very nice girls at school; but they were all younger or older. Her older sisters, Margaret and Hester, could enjoy themselves together, and had their own set of friends besides, with whom they were always taking tea, or going to parties.

And Molly and Dolly, the younger sisters, were so near of an age that you could hardly tell them apart. To be sure, Dolly had long curls, and Molly's hair did not curl one bit, and needed to be brushed a dozen times a day to keep it in order; but they both had yellow hair, and were round and roly-poly. Grace liked nothing better than to get into the nursery, and have a play with them. She would arrange delightful feasts with powdered cracker in the pewter tea-set; sitting around a low table just high enough for Molly and Dolly and their dolls. Grace was pleased to feel a little tall in the midst of them, and to have a chance to "pour out," especially when she was allowed molasses and water for tea. If Jack would only not come in with a bounce, and upset the table, all would be well.

The names of the little sisters were Mary and Dora; but they were always called Molly and Dolly. They went out to ride in one perambulator; and all of Margaret's and Hester's friends would stop to kiss them, and make much of them. Grace felt proud of being one of this procession; and did her best to make Dolly crow, and Molly shout; and was busy in picking up Molly's hat, for Molly was always flinging off her hat into the street, half a dozen times in one excursion, which was one reason her hair was in such a "towsle."

Grace was never afraid of comparing Molly and Dolly with the other babes that were paraded in the streets. To be sure, Mrs. Johnson's Johnny had a very remarkable baby-blanket; and Grace felt, if she were only as old as Margaret and Hester,

she would have made one for Molly and Dolly long before now. It was, indeed, superior to any thing that Molly and Dolly could show. But then Molly was never still enough to be tucked into any kind of a blanket, and Johnny Johnson always looked so pale you could hardly say any blanket was becoming to him. So she was willing to have the family shawl answer for Molly and Dolly, while she privately planned that the first thing she should do, when she should be "grown-up," would be to knit one for them. She meant to have it exactly like Johnny Johnson's, with stripes of blue and red and green and yellow, crocheted together with yellow loops; only she should leave out the white, because she had heard Mrs. Johnson confess that it soiled quickly.

Lucy Maynard was a very sweet little girl, about Molly's age, with lovely brown curls and rosy cheeks. But she always cried if anybody looked at her, and would turn her face away if any one came to speak to her in her perambulator: while Molly and Dolly only laughed when they were spoken to; and Dolly would even put up her lips to be kissed, if she were especially pleased. Grace was very fond of comparing Molly and Dolly with the other children, always ending with deciding they were the most charming of all; and she felt it a great trial that, if she could not be one of the older girls, like Margaret or Hester, she could not be small, like Molly and Dolly, and ride in a perambulator.

Her mother, Mrs. Lester, did not agree with her. She liked her family very much as it was; and she did not see how she could get any more Mollies and Dollies into her perambulator. She thought Grace was very well placed, with two older sisters, and two younger ones, and a brother on each side of her.

"If Jack were only more of a brother," Grace complained, — "if he were less like a wild beast. Jack was too much of a boy, and Gerald was too grown-up. If Jack and Gerald could have been melted together, two companionable brothers might have been made out of them. But nobody could get Gerald out of his books, and nobody could get Jack into his.

"But all of this would be of less consequence," Grace would end, with a sigh, "if I only had an intimate friend. Margaret and Hester each has an intimate friend; even Gerald has Dick Hathaway to help him pore over his books; Jack has a lot of boys; Margaret spends all her mornings with Juliana Beach; and Hester would walk to the end of the earth with Marian Lee. Molly has Dolly, and Dolly has Molly; but I have nobody."

CHAPTER 2. — *The Intimate Friend.*

The family were, then, much relieved when an "intimate friend" appeared for Grace. Mrs. Lester, at the first glance, was not sure that she should have selected Jessie Clare for Grace's companion. She did not precisely like her ways; but she was glad to have a new interest for Grace, and she was too busy to plan any change. At this very time, her house was full of friends. Two of Grace's uncles and an invalid aunt had come for long visits; and, what with Molly and Dolly and the rest of the household to take care of, she had to be thankful that Grace had found some one to occupy her time with.

Grace's father was a doctor, and very busy, and his activity kept the household always in motion. He would be summoned away in the midst of dinner; he was called off before breakfast. Some-

times it seemed to Mrs. Lester as if she had as much as she could do to see that the doctor's office-bell was properly answered. She was willing to leave the children to take care of themselves; "to do what they were of a mind to, if they could only find out what that was."

Gerald declared it had always been one of Grace's trials that she could not find out what that was. For "Grace's trials" had begun to be a little the laughing-stock of the family: there was always sure to come up some sort of trial, to be complained of, in the course of the day.

But now this was likely to be changed. Grace declared herself in perfect bliss since she had an intimate friend of her own. Of course, it would become to be a trial, that Gerald and Jack would make fun of her; but she could stand it now, she was so well satisfied herself.

What pleased her the most was, that Jessie was a little older than herself; and she was much flattered that Jessie Clare had consented to be friendly with her, and so had asked if she might walk home with Grace to see where she lived. The way of it was, that Jessie was not well enough prepared for the older classes, and so had been put down among the middle girls.

Mr. Clare had just bought one of the largest houses in the place, on the new street, a little back from the river. He was going to add to it, too, and make a famous place of it. So Jessie informed Grace. She also told her that the very first day she came into Grace's class she had picked Grace out as the nicest-looking girl at school, more like the girls she was used to being with; and she liked particularly the way Grace brushed back her hair. Then she had such a nice father! She almost wished the whole family were having fevers, because it would be so pleasant to

have Dr. Lester come to the house. But, then, her mother was quite an invalid; and, perhaps, that would do, for she certainly would send for Dr. Lester before the spring was over.

Jessie was very bright and entertaining. She walked home with Grace, and made Grace walk back with her, and showed her the place for the new part of the house. So Grace came in late to dinner that day, — which, indeed, she was apt to do, though Dr. Lester liked to have the whole family punctually at the table at one o'clock. For the very reason that he might be called away himself, he liked to be sure that the dinner was punctually there, and that he need not have to wait for it.

The invalid aunt was down to dinner this day, and needed a good deal of care; and the uncles were at home; and Gerald had brought in Dick Hathaway, as they were going off on a tramp together; and Margaret was taken up with Molly. Dolly was not old enough to come down to dinner: she was brought in at the very end to kiss her father before he went away, if she were awake; but she was very apt to be asleep.

Hester was occupied in talking with the uncles. There was some question about whether there would be war in Europe or not. Grace thought there had been enough talk on this subject. One day the newspapers said there was to be a war, and the next day they all said there would be nothing of the sort. Grace wondered why grown-up people talked over and over about the same things, as they did. There was Uncle Silas eating such a delicious pudding; and he did not seem even to notice it, he was so busy explaining to Hester how affairs were when he was in Europe. She almost wished Jack would come in,

for she did want to tell somebody about Jessie Clare; but Jack was even later than she.

She thought she should find a chance to speak of her new friend when Dr. Lester began to tell Uncle Silas about Mr. Clare's having taken the Sanderson estate. She tried hard for a chance in the conversation, and at last succeeded in saying, —

"Yes, he is going to build on to it. I have just seen the constructor's plans of the pediment."

But Uncle Silas did not notice. He went on to say that Mr. Clare had made a great deal of money, all in five years, and began to give a history of the five years.

Gerald was the only one who heard what Grace said.

"What are you talking about?" he exclaimed. "Where is Mr. Clare going to put any pediment?"

"I suppose she means the basement," said Dick. "He told me he should begin on it this season, as we had kept on with such an open winter;" and Grace had no chance to go on with her news.

She thought it was a great trial to have nobody to talk to at dinner, when she really had something to tell. But she forgot her troubles when Dolly was brought in; and she went round by her father's side, and made Dolly open her mouth for a lump of sugar; and Dolly jumped and crowed, and kicked her little feet out from under her long dress.

Jack came in with a rush, just as everybody was going to leave the table. He had been down on the river for some skating, and came home as hungry as a bear, he said. Mrs. Lester was afraid his aunt would think he was a bear, and nothing else, if he must come in with such a noise that they would all have to leave him to eat his dinner by himself. Dr. Lester

was called away already; and the invalid aunt must go back to her room; Margaret had promised to go and study German with Juliana Beach; and Hester was sure that Miriam Lee must be waiting for her to go to walk with her. And then Jack exclaimed, "There's a girl in the front parlor, who was asking for Grace. She is a new girl, whom I never saw before."

"O mamma!" Grace cried, "she is my new friend. I have been wanting to tell you about her. She has such a lovely house, and I do think I have found my intimate friend!"

"Grace has got an intimate friend, at last," exclaimed Jack.

Mrs. Lester tried to keep Jack quiet. She wanted to ask about the intimate friend: but she had Dolly still in her arms, who was shouting and screaming; and Molly was by her side, pulling by her dress.

"O mamma!" said Grace, "I do believe I have just what I have been wanting so long, — a real, intimate friend, all to myself. And she has come to go round to school with me. And I want you to bring in Molly and Dolly to show to her; for she thinks we are such a nice family, and what will she say to Molly and Dolly?"

And so it came about that the intimate friend was introduced.

To be continued.

REMEMBER the good old Rabbi who was wakened by one of his twelve sons saying, "Behold, my eleven brethren lie sleeping, and I am the only one who wakens to praise and pray." "Son," said the wise father, "you had better be asleep too, than wake to censure your brothers." No fault can be as bad as the feeling which is quick to see and speak of other peoples' wrong.

For The Dayspring.

THE KING'S SON.

AN ALLEGORY.

ONCE there was a king's son, who came from a beautiful garden that was a great way off in another world, and dwelt upon the earth to teach the people how to be good and kind, and how much the king, his father, whom they had never seen, loved them. But, though a few listened to the king's son, — who was called "The Prince of Peace," — a great many would not follow him, or hear what he told them about the beautiful garden where the king dwelt; for there was no way to reach it while they still lived on the earth, and some said there was no garden at all beyond the sunset and the rainbow and the stars, and no king to send them all the beautiful things that came to them, — sunshine and grass and flowers, and every thing that made them happy and glad. But the few who loved the Prince of Peace believed all he told them; and sometimes they fancied they heard strains of sweet music, and saw the wings of the beautiful beings who lived in the presence of the king. And when the king called them to cross a cold, dark river, which flowed between them and the beautiful garden, they were not afraid; for they saw the light shining beyond through the gates that were said to be all of gold. Now, after a time, some of those who would not follow the Prince of Peace determined to have him with them no longer; and, when he knew this, he called a few of his friends together, whom he loved very dearly, and placed bread and wine upon the table, while they all gathered around him. Then he told them it was the last supper he should eat with them before he went away and dwelt again with the king his father in the

beautiful garden; and they were all very sorrowful, and entreated him not to leave them. But the Prince of Peace tried to comfort them, and told them when he had gone away they must still spread a table with bread and wine, and gather around it in remembrance of him. And, after a little, he left his followers, as he told them he must, and never again was seen upon the earth. But they knew he was waiting for them in the beautiful garden, for he told them they should all go there, and dwell with him and his father the king for ever: and they never forgot to spread the table and eat the bread and drink the wine in memory of their beloved Prince of Peace.

RIPPLE.

BE SYSTEMATIC.

WHATEVER you do, have system about it. It is the greatest labor-saving machine in the world, and the cheapest; but it is not the easiest governed. It requires reason and management to control and exercise it. Yet, wherever it has been introduced, this great labor-saving machine has been a success; demonstrating to the world that it has saved its operator unnecessary manual labor, a multitude of perplexities, kept his workshop in order, and enabled him to perform correctly more by far than in its absence would have been possible. It has many a time kept its possessor from exasperating entanglements; it has saved him time and trouble; it has kept his business rectified while others have been confused. System! it has ever been a victor in war, it is the powerful sceptre that the true statesman and the political economist sway in government, and it has been and still is the commonest stepping-stone to individual fortunes. — *Selected.*

For the Dayspring.

FOREBODING.

FROM out a leafy thicket
Of wild-wood's tender green,
Where fire-flies gem the twilight
With flashing emerald sheen,

A voice is often calling
At morn, at noon, at night;
For evermore foretelling,
"More wet — more wet — Bob White!"

Dimming the soft, bright glory
Of summery morning sky,
By threats of cloudy darkness,
With its foreboding cry.

Stealing from promised pleasure
Its little spark of light,
Quenched in sad prophesying:
"More wet — more wet — Bob White!"

So in our heart's bright summer, —
Our life's fair, opening day, —
Comes sometimes drear foreboding
To cloud our onward way.

But, as on ripening grain-fields
Wealth falls with summer rain,
So, too, our soul's ripe fruitage
In sorrow's tears finds gain.

MRS. ANNIE D. DARLING.

UNREASONABLE haste is the direct road to error.

HYPOCRISY is the homage that vice pays to virtue.

It is easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient.

DISOBEDIENCE is the seed of sorrow.
Don't sow it, children.

KNOWLEDGE and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft-times no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

Cutper.



ROSE FORRESTER'S RABBITS.

HERE you see Rose Forrester, with three rabbits. We will tell you how she came by these pretty pets. She lives in the country; and her cousin, Mary Sprague, in the city. The two girls used often to visit each other; but Mary was injured by a fall some time ago, and will not be able to leave her room for a great while. When she found that she could not take care of her pets, and that her mother had so much else to do that she could not look after them, she sent them to Rose; for she knew that they would have in her a loving friend, who

would take good care of them. What a nice present! We know that all our young readers would like just such a gift. We hope that Rose will send all the berries and flowers she can to Mary, and often write to her how the rabbits are getting along. You see that she is feeding one of them with grapes; but we think that she will find that rabbits like some other kinds of food better. Do you know what they like best to eat? We hope Carlo has learned that these pretty creatures belong to his little mistress, and that he must not hurt them.

For The Dayspring.

LITTLE FIGURES.

CHAPTER VII.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.



OR the last three weeks, we have been doing just what we said we wouldn't do: we have been working hard for Mamie Hemenway's fair. We could not get up the least interest in it, until she proposed giving the proceeds to Mr. Kingsbury, for the benefit of the new school. Then the "*things*" suddenly inspired us with respect. Rufus even agreed to buy the dog-collar, if Marcia would let it go "on reasonable terms." He kept his word; though I think he more than once felt inclined to break it as he saw the work progressing. I am very sure that Duke will never consent to wear it; for he is a sensible old fellow, with no nonsense about him.

But the fair was quite a help to us. Mamie handed Mr. Kingsbury thirty-five dollars, which is to be spent for the benefit of the "little Claverses," as Marcia calls them. When people want *every thing*, they cannot tell in a minute what to buy first; so we are waiting.

Now that I am upon the subject of *our school* again, — and, indeed, it is the subject uppermost in our minds just now, — I must tell you about our "concert," as Angie pompously styled it. We invited all our friends and neighbors, for we wanted the children to feel as if people were interested in them. Rufus had previously pressed two or three of his young friends into the service, and Mr. Kingsbury had not been idle; so that we now had a very respectable corps of teachers. Every thing seemed prosperous; and yet I could see that Rufus looked troubled, — I wondered why.

Neither papa nor mamma could come to our concert, at which I was very much disappointed. Ruth and Marcia were there, of course. And Angie's mother sailed gracefully in, looking as much out of place as if she belonged to another planet.

"Isn't it queer, Mat," whispered Angie to me, "that I have to look at these poor little things now with mother's eyes?"

"Do you?" asked I.

"Yes: I suppose it is because I want her to like them; but every stain on their clothes, every hair out of place, *sticks out*, somehow. And, as for poor little sore-eyes, she's about as disagreeable to me this minute as when I first saw her, — just because mother's looking at her."

"She isn't to *me*, then," said I. "Do you know, Angie, I begin to feel a real respect for that child? Just think of patiently carrying that forlorn little face with you through life; of seeing people start and turn away when they look at you, and feeling that there's no help for it!"

"It is hard," said Angie.

"Only last Sunday, we were talking about heaven; and that stout little thing in the corner asked me if there were any sore-eyed angels."

"Abominable child! Why didn't you shake her?"

"I don't know why I didn't. I answered, calmly, 'No;' whereupon she turned round, saying pertly, 'There'll be a chance for you, then, Winnie McBride.'"

"What *did* you say?"

"I hardly know. The words seemed to come of themselves, I was so indignant. They struck terror into the young lady's heart, at all events. She began to cry."

"Good!"

"And there sat Winnie, looking so patient, her poor eyes winking and blink-

ing. I don't know, Angie, but there *are* sore-eyed angels, after all, — in this world."

"She isn't one, then," said Angie. "I saw her stealing flowers yesterday from old lady Loring's garden."

I was so surprised that I forgot time and place. "Angeline—Whitehouse!" I exclaimed, "*you—didn't!*"

"Matilda—Woodbury! *I—did!* Don't look at me so: I shall scream."

But I couldn't help looking at her. She didn't scream, but she "*looked back.*" I felt as if some one had given me a blow; and yet—why is it that we are so fearfully and wonderfully made?—I couldn't help laughing.

"Matilda, how *can* you? Do you realize the enormity?"—Here she broke down, and we both giggled until we were ashamed of ourselves.

I was trying to compose myself when I felt a hand on my shoulder. Looking up, I found that Marcia had left her "company seat," and was standing beside me.

"What *do* you think, Mat?"

"I think you had better go back to your place. What's the matter?"

"Do you see that large, scowly boy in Rufus's class, — the one with the tumbled hair?"

"Of course I do."

"He's the cocoanut-cake boy, — the very one Ruth caught."

I started. "He's the very one who tormented Benny so, too," said I.

"I told Ruth so. I'm glad of that. Two bad boys have rolled themselves into one," said Marcia, comically. "Ruth says she'd like to get hold of him again, — he looks so cross."

"Do go and sit down, Marcia; the exercises are commencing."

"Mattie," said she, hesitating, "do you suppose those corner girls would like to

have me sit with them? The teacher wouldn't care, I know, she looks so good. I want to *ever* so much."

"What an idea! What for, pray?"

"I—don't—know."

"I don't think you do."

"But I *do* want to, Mattie. I've chosen a verse. Want to hear it?"

"Be still!" Mr. Kingsbury had risen.

"Can't I go?" whispering.

"Sh-h-h!"

"I'm going." And off she went.

I watched the girls as she seated herself in their midst. Their first feeling was evidently intense surprise; then a little distrust crept in, which cleared away almost immediately at Marcia's easy, conciliatory manner. With all her faults, with all her blunderings, she certainly possesses, in an uncommon degree, the power of making people believe in her, and that with *almost no* apparent effort on her part.

The "concert" was, upon the whole, a success, notwithstanding one or two drawbacks. Children's voices are always sweet, and the singing was unexceptionable. But, when the verses came to be recited, the cocoanut-cake boy refused to say a word; at which perversity Ruth longed more than ever to *get hold* of him. Perhaps the sight of her face recalled unpleasant memories; but I am inclined to think he has been a little unmanageable before, and that is why Rufus is sometimes so sober.

I had my trial, too. Benny Brightman was so disturbed because Winnie McBride had "got his verse away from him," that he wouldn't even rise, but sat, heaping invectives upon her in a low tone, to which she listened with unruffled serenity. The others, however, did their very best; and we felt repaid for all our trouble.

Marcia sat in the very centre of Miss

Butler's class. I saw Mr. Kingsbury start at the sound of her clear, musical voice, so different from the mumbling tones of many of the girls.

"Teach me, O God, and know my heart. Try me, and know my thoughts.

"And see if there be any *wicked* way in me. And lead me in the way everlasting."

"Marcia is — just *splendid*," whispered Angie to me.

"Perhaps she is *rather* splendid," I answered, doubtfully. "But she's *so* queer."

"She looks like a queen among those girls," continued Angie. "I believe, if she went there every Sunday, she would still be a queen, — in her own right. She *couldn't* descend. She would draw them up. With all her *queerness*, she always seems to have her eyes fixed on the stars."

"Perhaps that's the reason she never can see what's under her feet," said I, impatiently.

The next Sunday, Marcia begged hard to be allowed to go just *once more* to the class in the corner; but mother was firm in her refusal. "One Sunday school was enough," she said.

"Marcia has fallen in love with the rapsallions," laughed Ruth.

"We're all rapsallions," answered Marcia, seriously. "It's just the difference of a few outside things. *We* have no right to boast, *have* we, mother?"

"Certainly not."

"The question is," continued Marcia, earnestly, "whether, if we had been born in their places, we should have been any better than they. We might have been a great deal worse. We have *so* much to hold us up."

Mother drew Marcia to her, and kissed her glowing face. Ruth laughed lightly.

"You would certainly have made a charming *rapsallion*," said she.

"Thank you, ma'am. Wish I could say as much for you. Imagine Ruth, barefooted, with an old waterproof over her head, and a basket of crusts in her hand! You can't do it, can you, mother?"

No, mother couldn't. Somehow Ruth wouldn't go into the old waterproof. She was always her own dainty little self, and always would be.

But, dear me! have "you" noticed how red my eyes are to-night? I have dreadful news to tell you. We are to be motherless and brotherless for a whole month. Aunt Laura is going to move "out West," and she has insisted upon a visit from mother before her departure. We all thought it would do mother a world of good, and I wouldn't have you think I let *her* see me cry. No, *sir*! — or no, ma'am, — I really don't know which to call you, — I didn't do any such thing. We saw that it was hard work for mother, so we said and did all the funny things we could think of; Marcia even surpassing herself, which is saying a great deal.

But when the carriage rolled away, — which it did just about eight hours ago, — and we realized that we were not to see their precious faces for a whole month, then — well, then — Ruth sat down to her crocheting, Marcia banged vigorously at the piano, and I went and begged Margaret to let me make the biscuit for supper.

When Bertie's bedtime came, I took my turn at the piano, and played with all my might until Rufus came to give Marcia her lesson.

In the course of the evening, Mr. Kingsbury came in to "look after the orphans," — papa has gone too, but is coming back in a day or so, — and one or two of our Clavers Court teachers dropped in to prac-

tise some new songs. It was the music that made me cry; I know it was. I never should have been so foolish but for that.

After we had paid our respects to "Moody and Sankey," Mr. Kingsbury proposed some of the good old hymns, which, he said, would always be fresh and beautiful, no matter how old they were. We all assented, of course; but what evil genius made him select mother's especial favorite, — "Abide with me"?

I don't know what came over me. I only know that, when they commenced the familiar words which I had heard her sing so many times, I beat a hasty retreat to the window, and studied the heavens with extraordinary interest.

They were very good to me, all of them. If they missed my voice, they didn't say so. When the singing was over, and Rufus, at Marcia's request, was playing something "just lovely," I crept out of from my hiding-place behind the curtain. I was just in time to catch a part of what Ruth was saying to Mr. Kingsbury.

"Oh, yes. She has always taken a great deal of care from mother."

"Then you are not left altogether desolate."

"No, indeed."

"We are not desolate at all, Mr. Kingsbury," said Marcia, turning around; "we are only forlorn. We shall always have a little piece of mother while we have *Sister Matildy*."

"A little piece of mother!" I could have hugged Marcia, but I didn't dare to just there. Of course, "*Sister Matildy*" had to laugh with the rest; but was it not humiliating to think that she, the eldest daughter and the housekeeper-in-charge, had been the only baby in the family!

To be continued.

For The Dayspring.

KITTY MAY.

BY MRS. JOSIE C. A. PAGE.

I LOOKED up from my sewing, for I heard the patter of little feet come in at the open door; and, sure enough, there stood little Bertie May, with his cheeks very red, and his blue eyes very bright.

"I'm doin' away, Miss Auntie," said he, "to see my dramma, — 'way off, ever so far, in the tars with the big 'team whistle: and mamma and papa and Frankie are doin', — all doin' but Kitty. And we are doin' to 'tay six 'eeks at dramma's house, and have a spendid time, — all but Kitty."

"And what will become of Kitty?" said I.

"I done know," said he, "'less she can 'tay with 'oo, and visit at 'oor house."

"Perhaps," said I. "Is she a nice kitty?"

"Werry dood," said he: "she will 'ie still on the haf-rug, and purr to 'oo when 'oo is 'onesome; and, when 'oo wants to sweep the haf-rug, she will run away and catch a mouse for her dinner." And Bertie looked as if he thought a puss of such accommodating spirit ought to be welcome anywhere.

"Well, Bertie," said I, "I heard a mouse in my pantry yesterday, and this morning I found that one of my mincepies had been nibbled; and so Kitty may come and stay with me, if you think she will catch the mouse."

Bertie was sure she would catch the mouse just as sure as she saw him; and it was finally agreed that, in consideration of her qualifications for purring and mouse-catching, she should be my Kitty while they were gone to "dramma's," and I was to inform Bertie of her success as soon as she caught the mouse.

So Kitty May came to stay with me, and a very nice puss she proved to be. She was sleek and fat; white, with large Maltese spots, and evidently thought herself very handsome and good-natured as she lay contentedly on the rug. But I noticed that, while she seemed to be sleeping so soundly, her eyes were often winking and blinking suspiciously at my pet canary; and once I saw them glare fiercely upon him as he hopped from hoop to perch. So I took alarm, and banished puss from the rug; and after that she spent most of her time in the wood-house.

One day, I went into the pantry, and found that another pie had been nibbled, and that a large piece of cake was gone from the plate; and, strange enough, I could not find my towel, — a piece of old, soft linen that hung under the shelf, to use in rubbing the silver after it was cleaned. I thought I had mislaid it; so I hung another in its place, without taking much notice, and put the pies on a shelf in the cellar.

Next day, I looked again in the pantry. The linen towel was gone. I searched closely, and finally discovered that just under the peg on which it hung a rat-hole had been recently gnawed, through which my linen towels had evidently been drawn; for there were shreds about the opening, and fragments of linen on the shelf underneath. So I peeped in, and then I put my ear down close and listened; and I heard — or, if I didn't hear, I imagined I did — an old mother-rat talking to her children.

"Eat your brown bread now, dears, and go to sleep in the nice little nest I have made for you of the linen rags. I couldn't get you any mince-pie to-night; for they are down in the cellar, and there's a big cat there. So eat the brown bread, darlings, and I will go to the wood-shed and

get you a nice apple. I saw some large red ones there. But be sure you don't go away from the nest while mamma's gone: not in the pantry, for I heard a noise there; and surely not in the cellar, because of the big cat I saw there. A beauty she was, to be sure; but she had great, fierce eyes, — and sharp claws, no doubt. Mind your Sister Prue while I am away; and eat your suppers like good little mice, as you are."

And they all said, "Yes, mamma," — all but Chubby.

He was a fat little fellow, for his mamma gave him the nicest bits, I guess; and he lay cuddled up very cosily in the nest. But he put his funny little nose out, and said crossly he didn't want any brown bread: he wanted some mince-pie for supper. Then his mamma told him about the big red apple she would certainly bring him; but he only turned his nose up higher and sulked and made naughty faces, which spoiled his good looks, — just as I have seen some little boys and girls do when they could not have what they wanted.

The old rat went away; and then Chubby crept out of bed, with a dreadful homely scowl on his little fat face, and said he wouldn't eat "old hard bread," but would go himself into the cellar, and get some mince-pie.

"Oh, no, indeed!" said Sister Prue. "You know mamma forbade us; and then the dreadful cat! — she would eat you up at one mouthful."

"I don't believe there is a cat there," snarled Chubby; "and what do I care if there is? I can run faster than any cat."

Then the sisters and brothers tried to coax him, and said he might have all the red apple; but he wouldn't heed, but ran off into the hole that led into the cellar.

I thought I would go round and look in

the cellar, and perhaps I might see Chubby in his search for the pie. So I opened the door very softly, and went down three stairs on tip-toe: when, sure enough, I espied him, running about as fast as his legs could carry his little fat body, having a splendid time, talking to himself all the while. And I listened, and I heard him say, — or, if I didn't, I imagined I did, — "Oh, my! how fast I can run! Guess Brother Spry would open his eyes wide to see me now. He can't run half as fast. No cat could catch *me*. Don't believe there is a cat here; mamma only said so to frighten me." And Chubby stopped, and looked round a little.

Just then I saw a pair of great, fierce eyes, that looked very much like the eyes that glared so hungrily at my sweet canary. They were peering round a barrel in the corner, and they flashed like fire-balls.

But Chubby didn't see them, and he kept on talking. "Ain't this a big hole, though! Lots of goodies here, I know. Wonder where they keep the mince-pies. Won't I eat all I want! And I won't carry home a bit to Sister Prue or Brother Spry. How fast I *do* run! Of course, I can run faster than a great, clumsy cat. Who's afraid of a cat? Not I. 'Spose she should come out now, wouldn't I just scamper away, away back to my nest? And she couldn't get her paw on me, — not *me*," said the foolish little thing.

"Oh, I smell cheese! Mince-pie and cheese! Ain't that jolly?" And Chubby ran across toward the barrel, and I saw the fierce eyes moved round a little, and snapped again, like balls of fire.

"Mince-pie and cheese! Ain't that jolly!" said Chubby again, sniffing in the air. But pounce came the fierce eyes right down upon him, and the sharp claws held him fast.

"Oh! oh!" cried Chubby. "Come, and take me away, mamma. The great cat! Oh! oh! the sharp claws! Oh, dear! oh, dear! Why didn't I mind my mamma! Come, and get me, Prue! Come, and get me!"

But neither mamma nor Prue could get him. Kitty May held him fast, and her eyes looked greedily upon him, — for wasn't he a fat morsel, indeed?

That night, Prue and Spry ate their red apple with mamma, but Chubby came no more to the nest; and mamma rat sighed, and shook her head, and Prue and Spry again promised that they would never, never disobey, for, surely, mamma knew best.

So Bertie's Kitty caught the mouse; but I don't believe she will catch another, for mamma rat is very sly when she goes abroad, and Prue and Spry are obedient little children; and I guess Kitty May catches only *runaway* mice.

FRUGALITY is good, if liberality is joined with it.

KINDNESS is the noblest weapon to conquer with.

ANY effort at display is a conscious confession of weakness.

THEY are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

It is not what a man has that is to decide his destiny, but how he uses what he has.

LIVING is a serious thing. Life is not a dance. It is not a drama on a theatre board. It has infinity in it. It goes on beyond the present, through death, to eternity.

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THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Unitarian Sunday School Society will be held in Hingham, Mass., Wednesday and Thursday, the 16th and 17th of October.

Puzzles.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A vessel for holding water.
2. A ruined city mentioned in the Bible.
3. An important town in Holland.
4. A time of fasting.
5. A small valley.
6. A lyric poem.
7. A high point of land.
8. A useful insect.
9. A nobleman.
10. A loud scream.

The initials and finals name two of the child characters of Charles Dickens.

RIDDLE.

My first your garments injures much,
Eating and wasting whate'er I touch;
My second add, you name a friend
Whose love for you doth never end;
My third you sometimes call new beer,
Which he who drinks oft finds full dear;
My whole is an herb with bitter taste,
Growing 'mid rubbish in places waste.

FLORENTINE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE
JUNE NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

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